

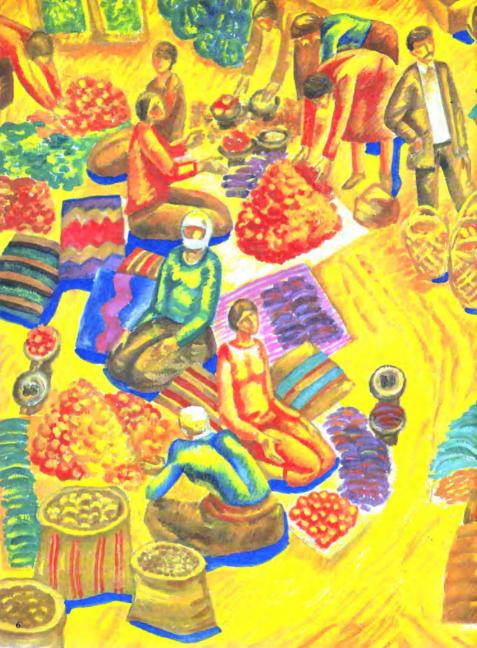


Grannie was not fond of autumn. Little Arthur, on the other hand, enjoyed it. Grannie was not fond of autumn because it brought rain, and that made her leg ache.

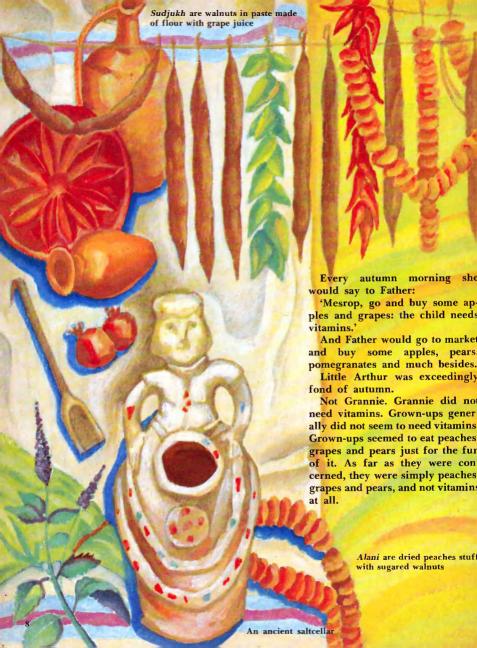
Arthur liked autumn very much. It brought so many good things. Peaches and grapes, pears and apples. And Mother would make all sorts of 'vitamins' from the fruits.

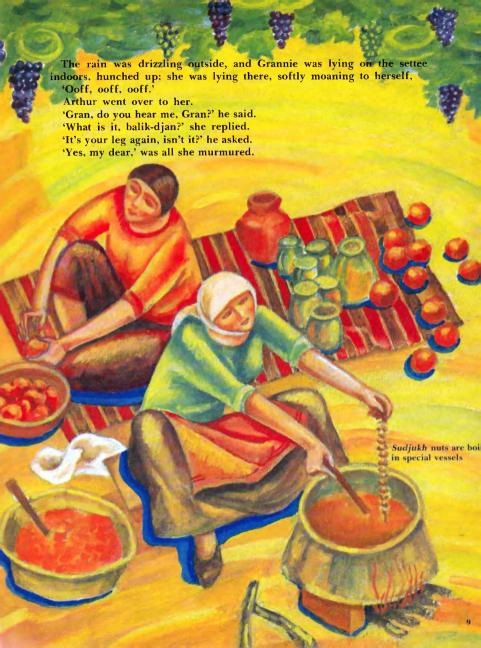










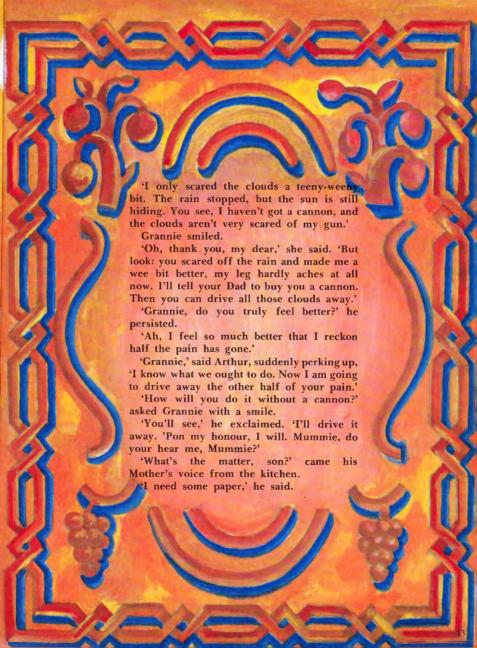




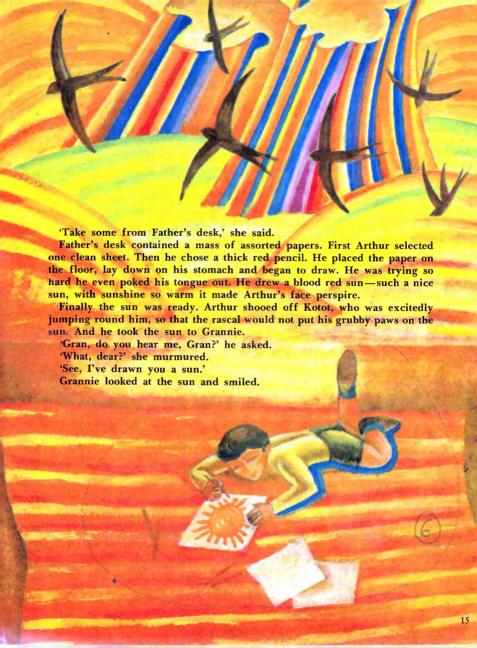
He offered Grannie an orange. 'Go on, eat up the vitamins, they'll take the pain away,' he said. Grannie smiled. 'You have it, balik-dian,' she replied. 'Oranges won't help me. I need sunshine, but the sun's gone behind the clouds to spite me.' Little Arthur was very cross with the clouds. He summoned his little dog Kotot from under the bed, picked up his pop-gun and went onto the balcony. 'Bark at the clouds,' he told the pup, 'and I'll shoot them with my gun.' Kotot gave a couple of barks, but not very fiercely. No doubt he did not understand and thought Arthur wanted to play with him; so he gave a happy bark. Such a bark would certainly not scare any cloud. As a matter of fact, Arthur did not even notice Kotot barking. He was firing his gun with a ferocious look on his face, yelling: 'Take that, you horrors, what do you want to hide the sun for? Take that! Boom, boom, boom,' And he carried on firing until his mouth was tired of shouting 'boom, boom, boom'. By that time the clouds had taken fright just a little bit and the rain had stopped; yet the sun did not come out all the same. 'Oh dear,' thought Arthur, 'that's because my gun's so tiny.' Now, if Arthur had had a cannon like Rachik had, he would give just one boom and the clouds would disperse at

once.











altogether gone. Who cured Grannie? It is Arthur.'

Grannie kissed her grandson, then smiled, then kissed him again, then smiled once more and continued to smile and kiss little Arthur until she felt drowsy and nodded off to sleep with Arthur's sun on her leg.



By evening Grannie's leg did not hurt at all. True. Arthur's sun had fallen off the settee to the floor, and silly Kotot had trodden on the sun several times with his dirty paws; but Grannie was already healed.

That evening Father asked Grannie how she

was feeling.

'Fine, thanks,' she said. 'Arthur's sun cured me.'
Father did not understand. But Grannie explained it all to him.

Arthur scratched his nose with pleasure.

It was always like that. Arthur's nose always itched when Arthur got excited, and when he cried as well.

Today Arthur was very pleased with himself. He was so kind and well-behaved that Father even said that Arthur ought to be an example to other children. And off he went to bed as a prize example.

Arthur's sun lay on the floor. And on top of the sun, stretched out on

his stomach, slept the pup. Arthur shouted at him:

'Get up, Kotot. How can anyone sleep on top of the sun? You'll burn your stomach. Get up.'

Translated by Jim Riordan







